The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

A Dream of Spring.

I HAD a vision of the spring,
This morning as I lay,
I thought the winter with its storms
Had truly passed away.

I saw the crocus fresh and fair
From out its snowy bed
And then the pale Anemones
Beneath the plow-boy's tread.

And in her distant, quiet home
Beneath the pine-trees' shade
The fair Hepatica appeared
In loveliest tints arrayed.

The fragrant violets I saw
And apple blossoms fair,
And lilacs nodding in the breeze,
And daisies everywhere.

I heard the "caw, caw," of the crow,
The robin's song of cheer,
And twittering birds on every spray
Proclaiming spring is here.

I woke to feel the north wind's breath,
And see the drifts of snow,
To hear the school-boys' merry shout,
As on the ice they go.

And here upon my window pane,
The artist's hand divine,
Has pictured groves of feathery palm,
And trees of fir and pine.

The snow is beautiful and bright,
Its tiny flakes like flowers—
We need not sigh for fairer skies,
For happiness is ours,
If with a loving heart we bring
To God our grateful offering.

A. S. T

Help me think of Thee, dear Jesus,
Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Help me love Thee and obey Thee,
'Till this life shall end.

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER IX. CONCLUSION.

Satisfaction for all except the guilty.

AS soon as the countess had learned how mother Michel had found Monmouth, she gave orders for Faribole to come to her.

"I will go and find him," said father Lustucru gravely, for he wished to prevent his accomplice from coming, and sought an excuse to steal away.

"No, remain! you admitted him into the house, and you will be obliged to turn him out of it, but it will teach you not to place confidence in one whom you know nothing about."

Lustucru remained, but he determined to deny everything if Faribole dared to accuse him.

When Faribole entered the dining room, he went to the countess and said, "Madam countess, the presence of your cat tells me, why you sent for me; but I am less guilty than I seem; permit me to explain myself to you."

"It will do no good," replied the countess, "your justification is impossible."

But father Lustucru wished to pay Faribole for his audacity, and he said scornfully; "I am curious to know, my lady, what improbable story this ragmuffin is going to tell you;" and he pronounced these words very slowly, gazing at Far-

ibole all the time with a look which seemed to say, "Accuse me if you dare!"

Not at all disconcerted, Faribole commenced in these terms: "It is necessary to tell you, madame, that I entered this house with the intention of stealing your cat; the fortune-teller wanted him to play the rôle of a witch, and she promised me a purse with six livres in it, and a pair of wooden shoes if I would get him for her. But I was treated so well here and Monmouth seemed to love me so much, that I should have given up all my wicked plans if I had not known it was necessary to entice Monmouth away in order to save him from a worse fate."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded father Lustucru.

"I mean what you told me to do; you said: "Kill Monmonth or I will chase you."

"I said that! what a lie! Ah, madam, you know me to well to believe what this poor boy says!"

"Faribole," said the countess very gravely, can you prove what you have said?"

"Prove it! alas no, madame, but I am ready to attest to you—"

"It is sufficient; you need not make a bad matter worse, deliver me from your presence."

Poor Faribole wished to plead for himself, but at a sign from the countess, father Lustucru seized him by the arm and put him out of the room.

However, the wickedness of father Lustucru was not to go much longer without being punished. That very day as mother Michel was arranging the hall, she was astonished to find there three dead rats; she wondered how they came there, then, suddenly she came upon the famous pie that the cat had refused to eat, and which had been forgotten and left there; two rats were already dead in the plate the poison had been so strong. This discovery took away the veil which had covered father Lustucru's past. Mother Michel knew then, that what Faribole had said was true, and she hastened to tell the countess, who told her to be silent about it, and sent for the butler to whom she said:

"Have you any rat poison in the house, father Lustucru?"

"Yes, madame, I always keep a little of it by me."

"Do you not think it necessary to put some of it in the hall?"

"No, madame, I did not know that there were any rats in that part of the house."

"That is all, you may go."

The countess wrote immediately to a celebrated chemist, who analyzed it and declared that it contained a large quantity of poison. Father Lustucru's crime was then evident, but other charges were now brought against him. The adventure of the two men who had fished up Monmouth became known among their companions and Faribole who was well known among them heard of it, and found one fisherman who had seen father Lustucru throw Monmouth over the bridge.

The butler did not dare to deny his wicked deeds before so many witnesses, and in order to escape the countess' anger he embarked as cook in a merchant vessel which was bound for Oceanica.

They afterwards heard that this vessel had been wrecked on the coast of one of the Sandwich islands, and that the savages had eaten father Lustucru. The account said, that the last word he uttered was "Monmouth." What was it brought this name to the lips of the guilty one? Was it remorse or was it only the last expression of an unpitying hatred! Alas, history does not tell us.

The countess' health now became feeble, and though she took great comfort in having Monmouth with her, his gentleness and beauty were not sufficient to tie her to life. This good lady was now quite old; her next birth day she would be seventy-nine years old, and mother Michel had the sorrow of finding her, one morning, dead in her bed. By her will which she left with her lawyer, she bequeathed to Monmouth and mother Michel two thousand livres a year, with provisions that the one who outlived the other should have it all.

Mother Michel bought a very pretty little cottage near her sister, to which she removed with Monmouth.

Faribole was taken back into the countess' service after father Lustucru's wickedness was discovered and his conduct was so good that his past was forgotten; but after the countess died he enlisted in the army where he was promoted to the rank of corporal, after the capture of Port Mahon, June 29th, 1756. As soon as he obtained his discharge he went to live near mother Michel whom he loved very much.

Our cat had now no enemies, and he passed

many happy and peaceful years. His adventures became known in all parts of the world, and a great poet wrote a song about him which was sung in every language from the Syriac to the low-Breton. He received visits from the greatest persons of the time, and even the king himself stopped to see him as he passed through the town on the way to Bellevue, and a great court lady chose for him as a companion a very pretty cat, and they lived very happily together.

Do you wish to know what finally became of Monmouth? He died! but this did not happen until after a long and happy life. His body was not treated like that of a common cat. Mother Michel had a very beautiful white marble monument erected over him, and a learned professor in the university of Paris composed an epitaph in Latin which was engraved on the monument.

The inscription was as follows, as nearly as we can translate it into English:

Here lies the illustrious cat Monmouth,
Who, by the wickedness of Lustucru,
Suffered very much.
But heaven always punished such,
And his plans against him nothing availed:
For in his attempt he always failed.
And the cat lived a life both happy and long,
And his fame was sung in many a song.
Stop stranger, and let a few tears descend
Upon the cold ashes of our friend,
Who was mother Michel's joy and pride;
On his account also she often sighed.
May he accept the homage of our rhyme!
He was a simple cat; but his virtues were sublime,
And make him equal to the wisest sage,
That ever tod this earthly stage.
And had he lived in old Egyptian time,
Would have been worshipped on a golden shrine.

The word Monmouth is pronounced to rhyme with Lustucru as Moomoo, though I suppose that the children would not think so.

M. C. Schouler.

KATY'S SPELLING LESSON. "What is it, Katy?" asked the teacher, as she noticed the tiny, uplifted hand.

Katy sat with slate and pencil before her, evidently very much perplexed.

"Will you please tell me how to spell tunkan?"

"What is the word"

"Tunkan. I don't know how to spell it."

"Tell me what you wish to write," said the teacher, puzzled in her turn.

"I want to write, 'I love my teacher more than tunkan (tongue can) tell.'"

Winter.

OVER the ice, and over the snow,
Four little children merily go;
Johnnie and Katie, Fannie and Will,
Down through the meadow and over the hill.

Johnnie, the youngest, is six years old;
But what does he care for the biting cold?
Wrapped up in clothing so nice and warm,
Well may they laugh at the winter's storm.

The sleds are all ready; down Willie goes.
Hurrah! he tips over, and bumps his nose.
Up again, Willie, and try it again!
Never you mind a wee bit of pain.

Katie goes next, with a laugh and a shout;
Johnnie soon follows, and cries Kate, "Look out!"
Fannie, too timid to follow, stands still,
And watches the sport from the top of the hill.

Isn't it grand in the winter to slide?
Isn't it sport with the sleigh bells to ride?
Making up snowballs to pelt one another,
Pray don't be rude, little sister or brother.

The Dayspring.

Beware of Bad Company.

A minister was spending a few days at the house of a friend. This friend had a little son six or seven years of age, named Tommy, a bright, active little fellow, and a favorite with every one. One Sunday morning the minister was talking to Tommy about the commandments of God. The little boy listened attentively a moment, then looked up, and said, "I swear sometimes."

The minister was much surprised, for Tommy's parents were good people, and had taught their little son to reverence the name of God.

How did it all come about? The minister soon learned. On the street where Tommy lived, a track was being laid for a street railroad. The men who worked on this road were many of them bad men, who often took the name of God in vain. Tommy use to go out to play where they were at work, and as they took much notice of Tommy, the little boy soon began to like nothing better than to stay with them. He began to like their ways, too, and try to like them. Looking out one day upon these men at work, Tommy said to the minister, "I know all these men, and they are all my friends."

There was the secret. Tommy had been in bad company.

IT is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life it is when romance is past that practical usefulness begins.

For the Myrtle.

The 9th of March.

THE 9th of March being Mamma's birthday, I always managed things so as to make her some surprise on that day. About a week beforehand I would say "Oh! Mamma, please do give me a shilling."

"What do you want a shilling for?"

"Oh, nothing very particular."

"But what is the nothing very particular?"

"Now, Mamma, you must not ask, it's something that you don't know anything about, and it's to be kept a grand secret."

"Well, I cannot give you a shilling to buy sweets with, and make yourself sick."

"It is not for sweets."

"Well, toys then, I cannot have any more toys about."

"Oh, Mamma, why will you try to find out? but it is not for toys."

"I hope it is not to buy me any bir——"

"Stop, stop, Mamma," and I would lay my hand on her lips. "You must not say anything. Will you give me only sixpence then, and promise not to ask me what I want it for?"

As soon as ever I got the sixpence, I would obtain permission to go to Annie's house, and then Annie and I would take long rambles, looking into the shop windows for something suitable for a gift that should be at sixpence. But one thing was too tawdry, or gaudy, another thing was only gilt, and the brass would show through by and by. This thing was only a poor imitation and that thing wouldn't last long.

Once we went to Covent Garden Market to spend my sixpence in flowers. What crowds of donkey barrows full of vegetables, and green grocers carts, what piles of baskets, one within another, carried on people's heads, what numbers of busy dealers and purchasers. What delicious tempting odors pervading the air of the piazza, from the flowers, fruit, and vegetables! There were basket of forced strawberries, boxes of oranges, golden pippins and pears, forced asparagus, Jerusalem artichokes, Brussels sprouts, brocoli, endive, turnips, mushrooms and other vegetables.

In the florists windows were lovely bouquets, dyed grasses, and mosses, wreaths, anchors, and crosses of immortelles, rosemary, thyme, sage, and other aromatic herbs. Flowering hyacinth bulbs in glasses, flower seeds, and little stands with tiny red pots, containing dwarf cactuses in all sorts and shapes, some like melons, some like spiders, and others with fingers like those of the fabled polipus. Then there were parrots, love birds, and canaries, and in glass globes of all sizes down to that for a doll's house, gold and silver fish. What an enchanting place to wander in! We even discovered at the top of some stone steps an old fountain! It was so difficult to believe that this closely thronged place was once the garden of St. Peter's Convent, where the Monks labored or strolled about reading their missals. Some basket women were calling out "Violets, sweet violets, only twopence a bunch," and we thought that if we could get such bunches as these for twopence, how much larger and nicer bouquets we might buy for sixpence! so we ventured into one of the florists, and asked the price of a bouquet with lace paper surrounding it.

"Ten shillings," replied the dealer. Annie's eyes opened very wide, and I asked,

"What would it be without the paper?"

"Well," replied the man, "I wouldn't care to take off the paper, I always sell them together, still I will do it to oblige you, Miss, and call it nine shillings and sixpence," here he slipped off the paper.

Oh dear! here was a kind man who against his inclination, and just for the sake of obliging me, had resolved upon selling me the bouquet without the paper which he had even already taken off, and here was I with only a sixpence! I said to him, "But I am afraid that you have nothing here as cheap as what I want. How much is that smallest bouquet?"

"One guinea, Miss. You see, choice hothouse flowers cost, and there's the raising of them. Every petal almost has a wire passed through it, to keep it from falling off, and the stalks are nearly all wire too, as you can see here."

This was interesting, "Have you nothing cheaper, sir," asked Annie.

"Nothing except in single flowers for the hair, or button hole. Here is one at a shilling, and that's the lowest I have."

"We cannot afford even that," said I, "and I am so sorry to have troubled you for nothing."

Here Annie and I hastened away to the end of the piazza where we had caught sight of a stand full of flower roots, and flowers in pots. Here I succeeded in getting a large clump of sweet scented violets, with roots packed in fresh green moss, bound with rushes, and we went home rejoicing.

But on this occasion I had bought my gift too soon, for what with my sometimes hiding it away in a drawer in my bed room when I heard Mamma coming up stairs, and forgetting all about it till the next day, and what with its ordinary taking the air at a disadvantage in a corner under my bedstead, it began to wither, and was soon only fit to throw away.

What should I do now? Only two more days to the day, and even if another sixpence were given to me, Annie was so busy crotcheting an antimacassar for mamma, that she would not have time to go about with me. Now I hastened to attack my papa with a request for sixpence, telling him what I needed it for.

To this he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "yahk! (his favorite expression of disappointment,) what sort of rubbish could you buy for sixpence that would suit your mamma, do you think? she would be much better pleased with some little drawing of your own."

"Oh, but papa! I am sure that I could get lovely things for sixpence, and now you know you really *must* you know, so *ple-e-e-e-ase* do, there's a good pap!'

"Well, I suppose I must," and taking out his netted green silk purse, and sliding together the gold rings, with what appeared to me very tedious slowness, he drew out a sixpenny bit, and after kissing him, I jumped about the room on one foot, to testify my joy and gratitude. I visited my favorite toy shops and fancy repositories in search of something that was to be both useful and ornamental, but could see nothing at that price but pen-wipers and paper-knives. As for books and ornaments, the house was full of them already, and I know that mamma would not like anything, however pretty, that was imitation. At last in a queer little out-of-the-way shop where they sold umbrellas, toys, and theatrical wigs, I saw a little round glass shade about two inches high on a black stand, and under it, the prettiest, dearest imaginable, tiny, white rabbit of Biscuit China, nibbling lilac-colored moss. There! I exclaimed to myself, "No imitation there! none of your plaster rabbits with green and red spots, but good and perfectly made as far as it goes! mamma would fall in love with it I know, but I suppose that it will be more than half a crown." I went in and asked the price.

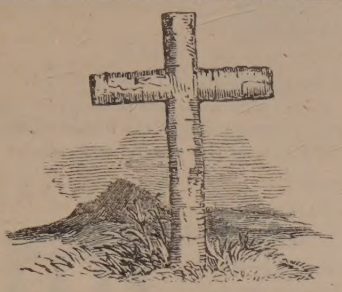
"Sixpence, Missy, and dirt cheap, it ought to be a shilling, but its the last one of a lot, I don't know but I ought to call it ninepence," but I hurriedly placed my sixpence on the counter before he should conclude to call it ninepence, and the rabbit in its shade wrapped up in tissue paper was handed to me, and I hastened homeward, stopping though at Annie's, to show her my purchase, which she greatly admired. She had finished the "autimacassar," and delivered it over to my keeping with a note for mamma. I too had a birthday letter to write, and it got quite blotty with being slipped under my desk so many times when mamma kept coming in and out of the room. Then the night before the day, I lay awake until my parents had retired to their room, and thought they must be sound asleep, and in my night dress climbing up the moonlit stairs to the maid's room, I softly called, "Sarah, I am ready." Then Sarah quietly stole down stairs with me into the drawing room, where by the light of the street lamps we cleared some books away from the centre table, and spread out on a cloth-covered tray that had been hiding behind the piano all the evening, the presents to surprise mamma with the next morning. There was Annie's antimacassar, with the note pinned to it, there was my little rabbit, and there was my letter with a painted flower on the envelope. There was from Sarah a red glass tray with a little red glass decanter, and a dozen tiny red glass goblets for "liquors" though seeing that we never kept "liquors" in the house I could not conscientiously tell Sarah that I thought hers a useful present, though I laid much stress on the fact of its prettiness. Then there was from papa an elegant carved tortoise-shell-back-comb and a pair of scissors! accompanied by some beautifully written verses, that unlike his presents, were romantic.

"I should have got some flowers too, Miss," said Sarah, "only your ma is that quick, she'd smell them and know all about it before she got down as far as the door!" then Sarah gave a suppressed giggle in which I joined, and then we closed the door very slowly and noiselessly, and glided up stairs again to our respective chambers.

The next morning, mamma showed as much surprise and pleasure in her presents as I could have wished. And each time she received a new one through the day, I would ask, "Which would you rather have had, this, or the rabbit?"

Clelia Lega Weeks.

SPEAKING of innocent amusement, the *Advance* says, "No man was ever more fond of healthy sport than Martin Luther; and no man could make better time on all-fours, with a child on his back, than could Lyman Beecher. But what grand work they did for Christ and his Church!" We confess that we like to see a playful spirit in the man who has any thing to do with children.



The Resurrection of Jesus.

DIALOGUE FOR AN EASTER CONCERT.

[Characters.—Inez, Minnie and Lizzie; Children from nine to twelve years of age. Mamie and Mabelle; Two very little children. Previous to the dialogue, all unite in an Easter Carol.]

Minnie. Little sisters, a few months ago, we met to celebrate Christmas and were told much about Jesus, do you remember?

Mamie. O yes, we could not forget, for he was so good. He was born in a stable and was dressed in garments cheap and coarse. He was always obedient as a child, and when he became a man he cured sick, lame and blind people. He made the dead live again, and tried to make bad people good.

Minnie. Well, as we then gathered here to keep his birthday, we now meet to hold Easter, in memory of the day when he rose from the dead, a day of gifts, thank-offerings and flowers.

Mabelle. Why are the churches decked with flowers and why do the faces of the people shine? Why are tears in their eyes, while smiles are on their lips?

Inez. We will tell you more about Jesus, and then you will understand.

Mamie. Oh do! We never tire of those true and wonderful stories of Jesus, as we do of fairy tales!

Inez. This same blessed Jesus was falsely accused by wicked men, and at last put to death on the cross, and his body placed in a stone sepulchre, sealed up, and a watch placed near it. Thus did the body lie in the tomb from the afternoon of Friday till the third day. On Sunday morning, before the sun had risen, some women started to go to put spices and sweet ointments on the body of Jesus. On the way, they said, "Who will roll away the stone from the door of the tomb, for it is so large we can never move it." Arriving at the sepulchre, they were surprised to find that the stone had been taken away and that the body of Jesus was not within. Mary Magdalen went quickly and told Peter and John, who came running to the sepulchre, and finding it empty, went home again. But Mary remained by the grave weeping, and as she looked down into the tomb, she saw two angels in white who said, "Why weepest thou?" and she answered, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." Turning around, she saw Jesus but knew him not, until he said "Mary." How glad she was to see him, whom she loved again! But he told her that he could not stay, that he was soon to ascend to his Father in Heaven!

Lizzie. And late in the afternoon of that same Easter day, two good men were walking from Jerusalem to Emmaus. It was a journey of seven miles over a rugged country. A bright spirng landscape smiled around, but as they walked they talked sadly and despondingly of the death of their loved Teacher. One whom they thought a stranger, joined them by the way and kindly asked why they were so sorrowful and when they told him of the terrible tragedy which had come to pass at Jerusalem, he comforted them, and beginning at Moses and the prophets he told them so many beautiful things, which the Bible said, that they loved to listen and their hearts grew happy and warm, while he talked so sweetly to them.

Mabelle and Mamie. Tell us more about it!

Lizzie. When they came to their home, they asked the charming stranger to come in and abide with them. He went in and while they reclined at the table, he took bread and thanked God for it and gave it to them just as Jesus had been accustomed to do. Then they cried, "It is the Lord!" but while they looked, he vanished out of their sight. These men could not go to sleep that night. They started at once to go to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples that the Lord had risen indeed. They had locked the doors for fear of enemies, and while talking about Jesus, they saw him in their midst. He had not opened a door but there he stood, and told them not to be afraid. He told them why he died, and that he was going to the Father and would pray for them.

Mabelle. Did they never see him again?

Minnie. Oh, yes! One night they were on the sea of Galilee, trying to catch fish and could not. Toward morning, they saw a man standing on shore, who called to them, to cast in the net on the right side of the boat. They did so, and caught so many that they could hardly lift it from water. Then John said "It is the Lord!" Peter was so glad that he jumped into the water and swam to Jesus. The others followed in the little boat. When they came to land, they saw a fire of coals with fish laid thereon and bread. Jesus said, "Come and dine." He wished them to know that he must soon leave them and that he desired them to do his work. He asked Peter if he loved him, and as Peter replied that he did, he told them to feed his lambs.

Mamie. What did he mean?

Minnie. Why, to teach others. Little children are Christ's lambs, and those feed their souls, who instruct them in the Bible, who teach them of Christ. They truly love the Good Shepherd who "feeds the lambs" as he commanded. On the fortieth day after the resurrection, he led his disciples to the top of a hill, and while his hands were lifted in blessing them, he was taken up into heaven. Afterward they returned to Jerusalem with great joy, praising and blessing God, for they knew that when their work was done on earth, they should go to him and live with him forever.

Inez. You see now, little sisters, why Easter is such a joyful day. Our friends die and their bodies are laid in the grave, but Jesus has taught us that their souls cannot die. They enter on grander scenes in a happier world; just as the caterpillar wraps itself in its silken shroud and seems to be dead, but in due time comes forth a beautiful winged butterfly that sports in the air. You may have seen worms in autumn quietly creep into their graves and fall asleep, without ever dreaming that they shall arise with wings in the spring!

Mamie. I love the joyful Easter time,
Its flowers of every hue;
We hear so much about the Christ,
Who loves both me and you.

Mabelle. O the blessed, holy Easter!
Jesus rose to heaven above;
As he lives shall we live also
In that home of bliss and love.

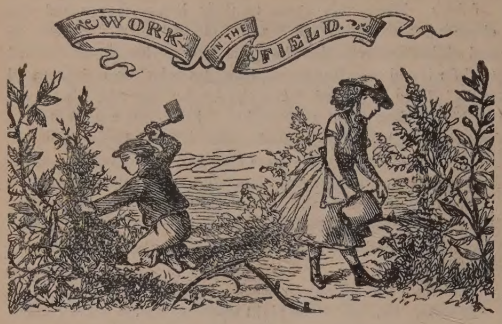
Inez. What shall we render to our Heavenly Father for this gift of immortal life, and for sending Jesus to make it known to us?

All. We will give him our grateful love and try to serve him always!

[All lift their clasped hands and eyes and speak in unison;]

Heavenly Father, in thy praise,
Our youthful voices we will raise;
To keep thy laws, our hearts incline,
Let all our future days be thine;
O may we love thy service, Lord,
And ever trust Thy precious Word,
Until we reach that heavenly home
Where sin and death can never come.

Mrs. C. A. Winship.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLXI.—PAUL.

Question. — When the mob became excited, what did the chief commander order done with Paul?

Answer. — Acts xxii. 24.

Q. — By what means did he order him examined?

A. — Acts xxii. 24.

NOTE. The commander, being a Roman and a heathen, could not understand the question between Paul and his countrymen; and therefore he ordered him scourged, hoping to induce Paul to confess some crime. This scourging was done with rods, and the Roman law permitted it to continue until death.

Q. — After they had bound Paul to be scourged, what question did he ask the centurion?

A. — Acts xxii. 25.

NOTE. A Roman was exempt from scourging. It was considered too degrading a punishment for a citizen of the empire.

Q. — What did the centurion who had the scourging in charge, do when Paul had asked that question?

A. — Acts xxii. 26.

Q. — What warning did the centurion give the chief commander?

A. — Acts xxii. 26.

Q. — What did the chief captain do?

A. — Acts xxii. 27.

Q. — What reply did St. Paul make to his inquiry?

A. — Acts xxii. 27.

Q. — How did the chief captain say he became a Roman citizen?

A. — Acts xxii. 28.

Q. — In what way did St. Paul say he became a Roman citizen?

A. — Acts xxii. 28.

Q. — Did they proceed any further in making preparations to scourge St. Paul?

A. — Acts xxii. 29.

Q. — What were the feelings of the chief captain?

A. — Acts xxii. 29.

Q. — Why was he afraid?

A. — Acts xxii. 29.

NOTE. He had gone too far, and he was afraid of being called to account for violating the rights of a Roman citizen.

Q. — What was the chief commander anxious to ascertain?

A. — Acts xxii. 30.

Q. — What did he do, on the next day, in order to ascertain this?

A. — Acts xxii. 30.

Enigma.

My first refused to let the people go,
Until my second, by Divine command,
Brought suffering upon the land,
And filled each house with woe.

My third and fourth upon my seventh brought,
The monarch proud and haughty,
The tyrant cruel, naughty,
And thus my fifth was taught.

My sixth will ever guide us in the right,
And lead us in the true and living way;
My eighth nigh unto Egypt lay;
My whole was kept at night. *Little Sower.*

Answer.

MARCH 7. Arimathea, Nicodemus, Garden, Early, Lord. *Angel.*

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In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

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